

(Written from the perspective of Wyndell Tyris, my Alternate Character)

Strength and weakness. Dark and light. Right and wrong. All things in life, the universe, and nature can ultimately be defined by two diametric forces working against one another to create balance and harmony. While some believe in one force more than the other, neither can exist on their own. And without these counterpoints, the true way of things can often be thrown off course. Such is the speculated purpose of sentient existence.

...which, is pretty much exactly what my brother would say in a situation like this. He's really big on the whole 'walk the line' between the dark side and the light side. He'd then drone on about his responsibility to help keep scales balanced.

While that sounds like so much fun, some of us don't have that liberty or the high ground to speculate on such things. Some of us find ourselves in sticky situations that completely belay introspection. Especially when the people we care for are involved.

My name is Wyndell Tyris, and I will be your narrator. You're probably wondering how I ended up in this alley, but the details are not super important. On the shadowport known as "Port Ol'val" things happened and could generally go unnoticed. The night was dry, at least, and I'd become accustomed to the artificial air that cycled through the hollowed out asteroid.

"Look, I already told you everything you wanted to know," I said to the two thugs that had cornered me into an alley. This alley had good solid concrete underfoot, and the two buildings flanking us and I saw at least two ways I could attempt to parkour my way out if needed.

The thug on the right was some kind of lizard, probably a Trandoshan if I had to guess. The other was more furry, and could have been a Bothan, or something. Whatever they were wasn't really important in that moment. All that mattered was that both of them were looking for a friend of mine, and I wasn't exactly keen on helping them find him.

"Why do I think you're lying to us," the lizard hissed.

"Maybe because you were trying to think in the first place. That could have been your first mistake," I replied with a grin. I can be diplomatic when I need to be.

"You talk pretty big for a runt," the taller Bothan sneered.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not exactly what you'd call a heavy hitter. I don't even lift or train very much the way my brother or others like to, but I'm pretty average height for a Human male. This kind of felt like some kind of racism. Speciesism? I don't honestly know the proper term, but whatever it was, it was not very nice.

"And you talk pretty runt, for a pretty," I quipped back. I'm sharp as a butter knife sometimes.

“That doesn’t actually make any sense,” the lizard spat.

“You’re right, it doesn’t,” I nodded my head in agreement. “Which is why I’m wondering why you are both trying to intimidate a trashcan in the corner of the alley.

Releasing the net I’d woven over to the two thugs minds, the illusion of them having me cornered in the alley faded away into reality. The two thugs were, indeed, pointing their blasters at a trash can in the corner. I leaned against the wall of the alleys entrance way and waved at both of them.

“It’s been fun, but I really have to be going on my way,” I explained. This did not make either of them happy, though.

The two thugs spun on me with their blasters, but I was quicker. My twin LL-30’s—Dexter and Doakes”—barked, and two lean bolts of blue light spit from their slender barrels. Both thugs hit the ground with meaty *thumps*. I blew on the barrels (which of course wouldn’t overheat from two shots, but hey, I enjoy a bit of dramatic flare in my performances), twirled them around my fingers and then slid them back into their holsters in the same fluid motion.

So, what does anything in this little story have to do with those counterpoints I mentioned earlier? I don’t honestly know, but when you’re protecting those that can’t protect themselves, you do what you have to do to keep them safe. Using the Force on Porl Ol’val is tricky, even for someone as subtle as I am, which is why my blaster’s were the go-to. Those two thugs are dead, and it might cause a stir in their respective gangs. However, the person I was protecting is safe now. And for me, that’s all that matters. I guess you could say, my weakness is, that I care too much.